
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

378

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

39d
992. b. 24
2

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM HETT, A. M.

AND

PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN.

SERMONI PROPORA.

HORACE.



PRINTED AT

THE SALISBURY PRESS, BY B. C. COLLINS,

For S. CROWDER, Pater-Noster-Row, London.

MDCC XCIV.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

BY

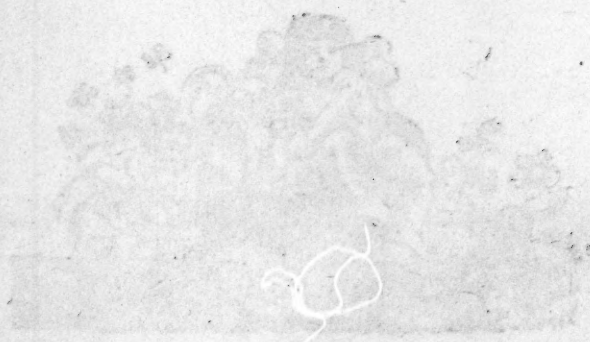
THE REV. WILLIAM HETT, A. M.

AND

PREFACE BY OF LINCOLN.

STATIONER'S

HORACE



PRINTED AT

THE SALISBURY PRESS, BY R. C. COLEMAN.

IN A CHOICE OF THE BEST

AND

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

AN ENIGMA.

PHŒBUS had now withdrawn his head,
Night's gloomy veil o'er all was spread ;
Now the blue taper's trembling light
Helped the pale student's weakened fight,
When I in pensive silence sat,
Musing on trifles, this and that.

Methought an empty spright I saw,
Like neither monkey nor macaw,
Nor any thing, that you can name,
Of mortal or immortal frame.

B

It

It has no substance, yet, 'tis said,
That out of it were all things made :
In a clear day 'tis mostly seen,
The lofty sky and you between ;
Sometimes, in fable garb, it cleaves
To bulky folio's pompous leaves ;
Sometimes it lurks beneath the face
Of knowing sneer and shrewd grimace.
The politician's deep-laid schemes,
The sordid miser's golden dreams,
Ambition's eager thirst for power,
Man's wildest thoughts that creep or tower,
Full oft are seen in it to end,
To it, as to their centre, tend.
'Tis what the good alone can dread,
When hastening to the silent dead :
'Tis what the bad would wish to be,
From death to all eternity.

He who tells this, it does not follow
That he is wise as great Apollo ;
Or in dark saws quick sighted as
The old club-footed Theban was.
Yet, if from wit and genius spring
Importance, riches, every thing ;

The

The man who does not quickly find,
 From this sketch of its shape and kind,
 The name of that said empty spright
 Which did or did not cross my sight,
 Shall be a nothing on the stage
 Of human life, from youth to age;
 And, what is still a greater curse,
 Shall oft have nothing in his purse.

THE
PRIEST and the PHYSICIAN.

DEAR Doctor, to my words attend;
 You know I am your hearty friend.
 On Wednesday* next, to spare digression,
 I shall preach down your whole profession;
 My text, "Indulge not." My intent
 To teach good christians to keep Lent;
 Their dainty stomachs to restrain,
 Their eager appetites to rein;
 That

* Ash-Wednesday.

That it may be their wish and care
To live in penitence and prayer.
For, you must know, when paunch is full,
To think or pray one's mighty dull ;
And when head's charged with low desires,
It seldom catches heavenly fires.
For this good end I've largely mused,
And many pithy reasons used ;
All which are, "If you'd do and be well,
"Eat little meat, drink water-gruel."

Hail, Abstinence ! all-healing power !
Physician-general to the poor.
Hence juices pure, and rosy cheek ;
Hence active limbs, and body sleek ;
Hence muscles firm, and spirits light ;
Hence peace by day, sound sleep at night ;
Hence the swift foot, the dextrous hand ;
Hence arts, that rule both sea and land.
Hence science, to our wondering eyes,
Deep nature's secret springs supplies.
Hence men ascend where planets roll,
Ballooned on air, from pole to pole.
In spite of passion's winds and tides,
Hence reason, fixed, at anchor rides.

Hence

Hence virtue's train, a numerous brood;
Hence all that's pleasant, fair, and good.

The Doctor smiled. Each went his way;
I to exhort to fast and pray;
He to invite low carnal sinners
To good roast-beef and port-wine dinners.

THE

HAPPY CAPTIVE.

THREE happy is that happy she,
Who lives a captive, yet is free;
Who, wedded to the man she loves,
In friendship's easy circle moves.
He, swayed by tenderness and sense,
Unwilling gives or takes offence.
She, ever cheerful, ever kind,
Adapts her manners to his mind.
Whilst both in pleasing efforts vie
Each other's wishes to supply.

Thus they, in mutual fondness blest,
 Are of each gentle joy possessed,
 Of each delight that, here below,
 Heaven-favoured mortals ever know.

TENTANDA VIA EST, QUAE ME QUOQUE POSSIM
 TOLLERE HUMO, VICTORQUE VIRUM VOLITARE PER ORA.

VIRGIL.

* 'T WAS nobly said; and every generous soul
 Possesses most of true ambition's fire:
 Ambition to *do good*; to wipe the tear
 From the dejected eye of hopeless woe;
 To bid the lame to walk, the blind to see;
 The widow's drooping heart to dance with joy;
 The lisping infant to invoke his God;
 The kind, the sweet civilities of life

To

* This was written upon reading a scurrilous, anonymous publication, distributed by the post, and intended to vilify and distress a worthy character.

To deal, with liberal hand, to all mankind.
These, these are thine, O **** ! Perish the wretch,
The tool of hell, who, envious of thy worth,
Hurled a fell dart at thy benignant spirit.
Thy deeds exalted, as the gorgeous sun
Puts out the nightly glow-worm's feeble ray,
Eclipse this dark assassin's glimmering virtues.
Thy very failings, when compared with his,
Shine, and assume the pleasing form of goodness.
Let not his malice grieve thy friendly heart,
Nor interrupt thy life's humane career.
The towering eagle, whilst he soars aloft,
Hears not the croaking raven's hideous note.
The wretch is self-tormented ; now deplores
The luckless hour in which he censured thee ;
And his own heart exclaims—" Oh ! fool and villain !"
The good, the brave abhor him. This their cry,
" Oh ! that each hand indignant grasped a whip
" To lash the treacherous rascal through the world !"

A Friend to injured Virtue.

EPITAPH

FOR A

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

HERE lies sweet Robin, gentle bird,
 Who never finned in deed or word,
 Nor ever erred in thought.

Happy the man, who thus can say,
 That he hath spent each passing day
 In doing what he ought!

FALSE RUMPS.

THE tea being just o'er, and the tea-things all gone,
 As I sat in my snug little parlour alone,
 'Tis odd that my fanciful noddle should jump,
 For a subject of rhymes, on a lady's false rump.

False

False rump, dear papa! why how can that be?
Have ladies more rumps than my sister and me?
Alone still I am, so don't be in pain;
The child that now speaks is a child of the brain.

Oh, yes, my dear Mary; tho' strange, it is true,
Whilst children have one rump, all women have two.

And why do they use them? pray tell me just now;
And what they are made of, and how they do grow?

First know then, dear Mary, what words can't
express,

The whimsical modes and vagaries of dress
Are invented defects of the shape to conceal,
And the beauties of form more at large to reveal.
Hence the tucker so low, and the coats are so high,
That men may the bosom and ankle espy.

Hence the stiff taper stays so tightly are laced,
To give to each female a straight slender waist.
Hence rumps artificial of late have been found
To make all look comely, enchanting, and round.

As to what they are made of—'tis cork, hair, or straw.
But methinks for this purpose there should be a law,
That henceforth no she be permitted to wear

A rump made of straw, or of cork, or horse-hair:

For

For since our commodity wool, 'tis well known,
O'er all this fair island in plenty is grown,
Let their rumps be as large as they please, and as full,
Provided their stuffing be true English wool.
And then, when gay females at bottom look great,
One might think that it's all for the good of the state.
As to how these assumed appendages grow,
Is a subject, tho' curious, yet useless to know.
Of this we are certain, if faith in our eyes,
That they frequently vary in shape and in size ;
Nay, of late, to surprise all beholders still more,
From behind and the sides they have now crept before.
The meaning of this I vow I can't tell,
That virgins demure thus forward should swell :
Except without husbands they're tired of their lives,
And they wish, what they are not, to seem to be wives.

An old-fashioned book, that now lies on my shelf,
Says that woman's true form is soft beauty itself ;
That the vain and affected distortions of dress
Destroy their sweet shape, their attractions repress ;
That to win and retain the regards of the men,
They must e'en condescend to be women again.

On the late Doctor S——,

WHO RECOMMENDED BLISTERS AS AN
UNIVERSAL REMEDY;

And who, it is said, died with seven Blisters upon him.

A LATE learned physician has been so assured,
As to say, 'tis with blisters all ailments are cured.
That his skill by pretenders might ne'er be denied,
He manfully laid on seven blisters, and—died.

To DELIA,
WITH A BOOK.

GO, happy book, to her whose face
Is beauty, and whose motion grace;
Whose mind with ev'ry virtue's blest,
That grows in gentle woman's breast.

QUAM

* *QUAM NON JESSIMA:*

A NEW SONG,

To the Tune of "*A Soldier and a Sailor.*"

THERE was a lazy cobbler,
 Who thought it vastly nobler
 To stand in pulpit high,
 And balderdash let fly,
 Than pegged to paltry stool,
 With awl and waxen end
 Old shoes and boots to mend :
 Oh ! 'twas too much to bear,
 As he had talents rare,
 And was no vulgar fool.

"Vile

* A certain itinerant preacher, who had served an apprenticeship to a shoe-maker, and was originally destined for that craft, as he was holding forth at a meeting-house, in Lincolnshire, in order to impress his hearers with an idea of his deep learning, made the following observation :—" My brethren, what I have said is confirmed by these words, taken out of the Thirty-nine Articles, in Latin—*Quam non jessima.*"

- “ Vile implements begone,
“ Base bristle, strap, and stone !
“ To you I bid adieu,
“ My occupation’s new—
“ The gospel fires my soul.
“ Hell flames, roared out like thunder,
“ Shall make the old wives wonder ;
“ Hard words, grimace, and noise,
“ Shall scare the girls and boys.
“ I’ll rage without controul.

“ I feel myself inspired ;
“ All language now acquired,
“ Even just as it comes pat in,
“ I spout or Greek or Latin ;
“ The people gape and stare.
“ Ye cobblers, one and all,
“ Attend the glorious call ;
“ Ye taylor and ye tinkers,
“ Rise—for yourselves be thinkers—
“ The gospel be your care.”

THOUGHTS,

THOUGHTS,

SUGGESTED BY THE BEAUTIFUL AND ELEGANT APPEARANCE
OF THE

ASSEMBLY-ROOM, ABOVE-HILL, *in* LINCOLN;

ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL,

Held there on THURSDAY, the 8th of OCTOBER, 1789,

FOR THE BENEFIT AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE
STUFF MANUFACTORY, *or* SOCIETY *of* INDUSTRY;
Instituted in the Southern District of the Parts of Lindsey, in the County
of Lincoln; for the present Year under the Patronage of

LADY BANKS.

BLEST be that hand which those *bright tints**
disposed,

And turned to ornament what's meant for use;
Tints that the Tyrian, famed of yore, outvie,
The effect of patient *art and industry*.†

And

* Over every window were hung festoons of unwrought wool, of various colours.

† At the upper and lower end of the room were transparencies, with "Art and Industry" inscribed.

And blest that hand which did that *ivy train*,*
 Even as it's seen the sturdy tree to climb:
 Which placed these *blooming pots*† in fair array,
 With ever-pleasing Flora's gifts adorned.
 And blest that *village maid*,‡ who ceaseless draws
 From the tall distaff nicely twisted threads.
 Yes, lovely maid! thy peaceful heart ne'er feels
 The cares, the spleen, those ever new desires
 Which haunt the breasts of those whom pride inflames.
 Thy daily task performed, thou sweetly sleepest,
 'Till the next sun invites thee to return
 To that which forms thy pleasure and thy fame.
 GOD SAVE THE KING!|| Our gracious King is saved:
 And that famed sage, whose heaven-directed skill
 Said to the raging tempest of his soul
 "Be still," descends from his meridian glory,
 And humbly cheers the wretched sons of want.

Oh!

* A branch of ivy was trained up each pilaster.

† Above every recess were placed in a row round the room pots of flowers.

‡ Over the fire-place was fixed a painting of a young girl, in the act of drawing yarn from a distaff.

|| Above the orchestra was a transparency of "God save the King!" in large capital letters.

Oh ! how the light, reflected, darts its beams
 Forth from the branching lustre's ample round,
 And fills the dome with heart-reviving rays ;
 Rays* which the sun the live-long day denied,
 Absorbed in clouds and ever-during rains.
 So summer's scenes th' enraptured soul delight,
 When winter's gloomy horrors quit the plains.

But how can words or sentiments declare
 The glow of beauties which these benches grace ?
 Ye gentle fair ones, whose endearing charms
 Can soothe the soul when wrung with hopeless woe,
 Or give to joy its most enchanting gust ;
 To me you now most fair and lovely seem,
 Decked† in the texture of the woolly fleece ;
 The precious clothing of that harmless race
 Which crops the herbage of your native fields.
 Oh ! be ye meek and innocent as they,
 Then shall fond man your lasting charms admire.

Hail, highly favoured Britain ! whilst the fair
 Of a once haughty, once a rival land,

Resign

* It was cloudy the whole day, and rained incessantly.

† Every lady was dressed in a stuff gown of the same colour.

Resign their choicest ornaments, to save
From urgent ruin a distracted state,
Where famine, bloodshed, and mad discord reign;
(O'er ills like these even foes must drop a tear,
Much more will Britons, friends to all mankind :)
Thou, happy isle, with *peace and plenty** crowned,
Bestowest the tribute of superfluous wealth,
To clothe the naked, to instruct the poor
In arts which health and happiness supply.

Why do I feel a joy unknown before ?
Why swells my heart with unallayed delight ?
'Tis not the gayly decorated scene,
Musick's brisk tones or Beauty's magick powers
Which thus can fill the compass of my soul.

The

* In the fire-place, in the manner of a chimney-board, was an emblematical transparency, with this motto—"Peace and plenty are the rewards of industry and subordination."

The rapture's due, Benevolence,† to thee.
By thy kind aid even Pleasure learns to kneel,
And pour her offerings at Religion's shrine.

Methinks I see that soft engaging smile,
That face, where sweet benignity resides,
That form, where every virtue loves to dwell.
Yes—'tis the friend sincere, the patroness
Of the distressed, of the helpless poor.

And lo! her helpmate in the virtuous toil,
The widow's friend, the orphan's kind support,
The encourager of all that's good and great in man.
And

† I cannot omit this opportunity of observing, that in the city of Lincoln, to the eternal honour of its inhabitants, pleasure is often thus made subservient to the noblest of purposes.—Charitable card assemblies are here very frequent in the winter season; by the means of which many a deserving object is delivered from the miseries of sickness and penury.

And thou, great sage, whose comprehensive mind
Grasps at all Nature's comprehensive plan,
Its animal, mineral, vegetative tribes ;
Oh ! it well becomes thy active spirit
From thy much-loved pursuits to pause awhile,
The pangs of silent merit to explore,
The poor man's ills to soften and assuage,
The child to guard 'gainst ignorance and vice :
One of whose souls from sin and death to save,
All excellence in science far outweighs.

Your friendly hearts may sorrows ne'er assail ;
May you long live to teach a thoughtless age
The godlike luxury of doing good.



THE
*CHIEF PRELATE:**

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—" *Ballina mena ona.*"

O Ye, who would live and do nothing at all,
Ye idlers and rambles, attend to my call.
First get a smug hat, its shape a three square,
Then hang round your noddle a string of lank hair.

Sing

* An impudent impostor presented himself at Lincoln, in the year eighty-five, in the character of "the Chief Prelate," and solicited, or rather demanded, from the clergy in particular, contributions, as he said, for "the superior brethren." His manner, appearance, dress, behaviour, and principles are here described.

Sing—Three cornered hat and lank hair—Three
cornered hat and lank hair—
Three cornered hat and lank hair—And a snug little
shilling for me.

Your coat must be blue, close buttoned and neat,
The fore laps of which be sure that they meet.
And now a grand secret I'll to you unfold,
Let your hose be light yellow and o'er the knee rolled.
Sing—Three cornered hat and lank hair, &c.

Let your gait be august, walk as strait as a dart;
Look as grave as a judge; you'll thus move the heart.
At what house so'er you are making your gathering,
Talk of "Prelate the Chief" and of "Superior
Brethren."

Sing—Three cornered hat and lank hair, &c.

Since the gifts of your friends may slip out of your
head,
Behonour their names in a book clothed in red.
When you walk, let this book be seen under your arm:
In a red covered book there's a very great charm.
Sing—Three cornered hat and lank hair, &c.

Should wise ones discourse of impostors of old,
How looking like sheep they still ravaged the fold ;
Ne'er heed what these snarlers may say or may think,
Whilst of others more gentle you pocket the chink.

Sing—Three cornered hat and lank hair, &c.

For is it not better to walk up and down,
In credit and plenty to pass through each town,
Than fixed to vile dwelling, with labour and pain,
To others a slave, a poor pittance to gain.

Sing—Three cornered hat and lank hair, &c.

And now, should you censure this very fine plan,
As odious to God and not useful to man ;
Let your charge be as just and as loud as you please,
I care not, if by it I live at my ease.

Sing—Three cornered hat and lank hair, &c.



T O - M O R R O W.

TO-MORROW, artful thief, steals our best hours,
Persuades us to mispend our youthful days,
And waste our precious years in dreams of worth.

When cease to do amiss? When learn to act
As well becomes thy natural powers?—To-morrow.
When curb thy roving passions? When adhere
To what thy reason says is true and right?
When that avoid which conscience disapproves,
And shew thyself indeed a man?—To-morrow.
When shall I see thee holy, just, and good?
When will warm piety thy soul enflame?
When soft-eyed charity thy heart subdue?
When temperance guide thy appetites?—To-
morrow.

Away, away, thou too-long-heard deceit,
And may thy accents never more prevail.

Welcome,* To-day, thou parent of all good,
Thou source of all we have and all we hope.
He who his strength and industry employs
In gaining thy esteem, is great indeed,
And cares not what may rise or fall To-morrow.
The days now past send back a cheering smile,
Hence those to come assume a pleasing look.
Thus master of both worlds the hero stands
Unmoved, and takes his portion, life or death.

* ————— Ille potens fui
Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, vixi: cras vel atra
Nube polum, Pater, occupato,
Vel sole puro: non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est, efficiet: neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.—HORACE.

To BELINDA.

WITH this, Belinda, you'll suppose
I treat you with a virgin rose,
Just when the modest bud is seen
To blush beneath its hood of green.
* The rose I'll owe, till the warm sun
Has through the genial season run ;
Till the gay nimble-footed hours
Have spangled earth's green robe with flowers.

Go, rose, that lovely bosom grace,
As harmless as the dove ;
View the mild beauties of that face
Where every smile is love.

Drink

* This was written when the ground was covered with snow.

Drink the warm beams of those soft eyes,
Where Cupid borrows darts ;
Admire the bloom which thine outvies,
And equal sweets imparts.

And tell, oh! tell the gentle maid,
Now so alert and gay,
Her charms, like thine, full soon must fade;
All beauty will decay.

Then why not crop those fleeting joys
Kind Heaven has planted here.
To man, "Be blest," is nature's voice;
"To blest be woman's care."

And ask you then, What muse inspires?
What kindles now poetick fires?
When rapid Sol hastes down the day,
And spreads a shy and languid ray;
When earth's chilled face is wrapt in snow;
When frost-crampt rivers cease to flow;
When leafless trees shed icy tears,
And all a death-like aspect wears.

Your

Your eyes, sweet maid, can cheer the soul,
 When torpid frost congeals the pole;
 When winter in white honours reigns,
 And saddens all the dismal plains.
 Each object smiles when you are near,
 And I write verses all the year.

THE

WOLF and the MASTIFF.

ONCE on a time, as authors say,
 Old faithful Towser took his way
 Amongst the fields and woods to roam,
 Far from his chain and native home.

Now

Now left the noise of smoaky town,
Curious he wanders up and down,
A stranger to each coward fear,
First smelling here, then scratching there.
As thus in careless mood he hies
Fast by a lonely wood, he spies
A prowling wolf. Struck with the sight,
He stops, and views the half starved wight.
The wolf too felt a strange surprise,
And scarcely could believe his eyes :
“ A form so fat, so plump and round !
“ Where can such plenty rare be found ?”

When each his wonder had expressed,
The Wolf old Towser thus addressed.

“ Pray, Sir, I crave, with your permission,
“ The ways and means of your condition.
“ You so well fed and sleek appear,
“ So happy and so debonair,
“ That I should wish my life to change,
“ To cease the woods and wilds to range,
“ A cold and hungry situation,
“ For your most blest and envied station.”

Bluntly

Bluntly quoth Towser—"If you'll do
"What I do, you may live so too."

"And what, good Sir, vouchsafe to tell,
"Must I endure to fare so well."

"Endure! you quite mistake the case!
"Believe me, 'tis no toilsome place.
"Free from all care, the livelong day,
"I eat, and drink, and sleep, and play;
"The house from nightly thieves defend,
"And thus my easy labours end."

This speech all scrupulous doubt removes,
The hungry wolf the terms approves.
Onward he jogs, in eager haste
The promised dainties quick to taste;
And as he goes, with curious gaze
His friend from head to tail surveys.
At last—"Why, Sir, this want of hair
About your neck? How came it bare?"
"Pugh, a mere trifle."—"Nay, but pray,
Tell me."—"Why, then, I'm chained all day,

"Left

"Left I should friendly comers bite,

"And that I may not sleep at night."

"Chained,* do you say? Then, Sir, Adieu

"To plenty, safety, and to you.

"My liberty I would not sell

"To eat, and drink, and sleep as well

"As mean, dependent mastiffs do.

"Go—live a pampered slave—Adieu."



* Let others, who such meannesses can brook,

Strike countenance to every great man's look.

Let those that have a mind turn slaves to eat,

And live contented by another's plate :

I rate my freedom higher, nor will I

For food and raiment truck my liberty.

But if I must to my last shifts be put

To fill a bladder and twelve yards of gut ;

Rather with counterfeited wooden leg,

And my right arm tied up, I'd chuse to beg ;

I'd rather chuse to starve at large, than be

The gaudiest vassal of dependency.—OLDHAM.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER

OF A

DECEASED FRIEND.

I Knew him well, Horatio. He had a heart
Pure and untainted as the winter's snow;
Gentle he was and friendly, as the birds
That chaunt their little loves in genial spring;
Pleasing and gay as the sweet smiling summer;
Open and generous as the teeming season
That crowns the labours of the various year.
This was the man, and he was once my friend;
But oh!—his virtues called him hence to Heaven.

ON

H A P P I N E S S .

HAPPINESS—a cheat—a dream !

The half-formed offspring of a heated fancy
Brooding on light fumes of fond desire :
A meteor bright that dances for a while,
And inexperience tempts with hopes of bliss,
Till sudden sorrow checks the gay pursuit.
We stop—we start !—And where is then that peace,
That joy, that happiness which all men love,
And all are madly eager to acquire?
Where dwells the promised bliss? Oh ! tell me where,
Ye book-learned sages, for ye sure can tell.

Man is a social creature, and the world
His proper sphere of action. To be blest,

Lose

Lose not a day in drowsy idleness :

Be just, be tender, be beneficent.

Will useful life shield off the galling darts
Of groveling envy, of revengeful malice,
Of high-browed pride, of biting calumny,
Of insult mean, and base ingratitude ;
With all those natural ills and cross events
Which whirl and toss the current of our lives ?

Retire from man, and live to God alone.

But how forego those tender sympathies,
That natural taste of soft and sweet endearments,
The joys of love and friendship ? From whose balm,
Whose cordial drop, the toils of anxious life
Are only sufferable and worth a care.

Then know thyself, imperfect as thou art,
Nor hope in life for more than life can give :
A checquered, motley scene of hopes and fears,
Of joys and disappointments ; where vain man
Flutters his day, and then is gone for ever.

SANGUINIORA INTERNA,

OR

THE BLEEDING DROPS:

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—" *The Vicar and Moses.*"

HERE am I, Doctor Naylor,
Who do, without failure,
Cure ailments of each sort and kind.
Achs, pains, stone, or gout,
Of diseases the rout,
I dislodge them before or behind.

Sing, Fol de rol, &c.

By

By* his Majesty's leave
 My medicines I give,
 I therefore can cure the king's evil.
 Pox, ague or itch
 I kick on the breech,
 And send them post haste to the Devil.

Sing, Fol de rol, &c.

All† currents of blood,
 Tho' huge as Noah's flood,
 With a wonderful drop I can stay.
 Are you blind, deaf and dumb,
 To me do but come,
 You shall see, hear, and speak in one day.

Sing, Fol de rol, &c.

For

* "Licensed by authority."—HAND BILL.

† "*Sanguiniora Interna*, or the Bleeding Drops. They
 "powerfully stop all inward bleedings against nature, from
 "what part soever the blood flows, though it floods ever so
 "much."—HAND BILL.

For each latent ill
I've a draught or a pill ;
Oh come then and take my advice.
With one potent word
Or the point of a sword*
I'll draw all your teeth in a trice.

Sing, Fol de rol, &c.

So certain my knowledge,
A fig for the college,
Your ills I can see in your urine.
A full dose do but take,
My credit I'll stake,
You'll get better or die in the curing.

Sing, Fol de rol, &c.

And

* "He also draws teeth with the touch of the point of a
"sword."—HAND BILL.

And should you be hurled
From this wretched world,
My purpose I still shall not miss all.
I'll be bound for't you'll go
To the regions below,
Your small guts as clean as a whistle.

Sing, Fol de rol, &c.



ON SEEING

THE LOVELY

Miss SPENCER.

SURE angels dwell in such a form as thine,
Where innocence and gentleness combine
To frame whate'er we mortals think divine.
Yet thou'rt not all divine. Of purest blood
Thro' thy warm veins there flows a purple flood,
And thou'rt as sweet and fair as thou art good.



ON A

HEADLESS GINGERBREAD WIFE,

PRESENTED BY A

YOUNG LADY TO A GENTLEMAN,

AS A

FAIRING.

A FAIRING this of gingerbread—
A harmless wife without a head!
And can't a wife then harmless be,
If she can either speak or see?
A gentle wife, if right or wrong,
Imparts sweet music from her tongue;

D 4

And

And by the beams of cheering eyes
The heart is warmed, the spirits rise.
A gentle wife—I grant, 'tis true ;
But that mayn't hap to me or you.
Suppose, for instance, she should prove
A scold, a termagant,—would Love,
Soft, soothing, meek-eyed Love be found,
Where bitter taunts and scorn abound?
Each hovering grace far, far would fly :
Each blooming joy would droop and die.

Ye fair ones, whose enchanting form
The frozen breast of age can warm ;
Whene'er you look, whate'er you say,
Let gentleness your motions sway.
Then will you the blest guardians be,
The friends of man's felicity.
Connubial discord then will cease,
And all our days be love and peace.

UPON THE

Right Honourable Major HOBART's

OFFERING HIMSELF AS A CANDIDATE

TO REPRESENT

THE CITY OF LINCOLN IN PARLIAMENT.

FROM fair Hibernia's shores, lo! Hobart comes;
Hobart the wise, the brave! whose youthful mind,
Active and firm, sustains the numerous cares
That harrafs those who guide the helm of state:
Who fearless dares to meet intemperate rage;
Nobly disdains to shed a brother's blood
In what misguided men call Honour's cause.
Yes, generous Hobart! this thy manly spirit
Proclaims thee one of Britain's genuine sons,
Who foes disarm by treating them as friends.

Ye

Ye free-born citizens ! independent souls !
In whose discerning breasts the love of liberty,
Of England's lasting glory, ceaseless burns,
This is The Man. He will your rights protect,
Your property secure, your lives defend,
And all your dearest interests maintain.
When skill and fortitude each other aid,
What deed so arduous which they'll not achieve !



ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO A

LILLY of the VALLEY.

HAIL, pretty, modest, fragrant flower !

Methinks in thee I see

Fit emblem of the guileless hour

Of sweet simplicity.

Blest days of joy and innocence,

Free from the tricks of art !

When looks and words unschooled dispense

Each feeling of the heart.

Thy milk-white bells serenely view,

In humble guise, the ground ;

Whilst two fair leaves of verdant hue

Display a veil around.

More

More pleasing thus, than wanton rose,
Each butterfly's delight;
Or tulip, eager to disclose
Her beauties to the fight.

Lives there a maid, whose graces rare,
And natural as thine,
Are simple, modest, sweet, and fair?
Oh! that the maid were mine!

AN ENIGMA.

IN this small packet you will find
Something that's prized by all mankind :
That makes the great man greater still ;
Creates 'squires, knights, and peers at will.
One part presents you with the head
Of one who's numbered with the dead.

Stamped

Stamped on another part appears
What every potent monarch wears:
This royal vestment's placed above
What of two hearts is made by love.
The fair one who has this, has sense,
Wit, beauty ! Now you think it's pence :
But, I assure you, 'tis no more
Like pence, than thirty to three score.
If you can guess what this contains,
Take it, fair lady, for your pains.

If lighter is the floating air
Than the fixed ponderous ground ;
If roaring thunder's louder far
Than winds that whistle round :

If the red forked lightning's sent
From pent ethereal fire ;
If stands the vaulted firmament
Above the starry choir——

* * * * *

Hiatus in manuscripto valde deflendus.

INTENDED FOR A
SMALL BOWER
IN A
FLOWER GARDEN.

BY
FIDELIO.

CAN pleasure lure, can ease invite,
Has solitude got charms for thee?
Can Nature's gayest garb delight,
Or verdant lawn or towering tree?

Here stop thy walk, these all are mine :
Here kindly deign one moment's stay.
Here in soft indolence recline,
And loll one tedious hour away.

Do

Do anxious cares corrode thy breast ?
Dwells there foul melancholy's gloom ?
Does dark despair devour thy rest,
Or misery point thee to the tomb ?

Here sweet tranquillity resides.
Look round, these pleasing scenes survey :
Distempered souls each beauty chides,
Here all is smiling, all is gay.

Does Contemplation, heaven-born maid,
With generous ardour fire thy breast ?
Her smiles oft grace this peaceful shade,
Oft here she kindly deigns to rest.

O'er Fiction's sweet, yet poisoning page
Let Pleasure's sons their hours employ ;
Exchange each soul-exalting sage
For gleams of superficial joy ;

Far nobler thoughts should fill this bower.

Why's all this gay profusion given?

Whence springs each leaf, whence blooms each
flower?

Yon sacred structure * points thee up to
Heaven.

* There is a church at a small distance and in full view of
the bower.



THE
LILIPUTIAN LOVERS.

AB TO LA.

I.

LA, sweet and fair
As lilies are,
I do love you,
Indeed I do;
And wish to see
That you love me.

II.

Then, pretty maid,
Be not afraid;
But free impart
Your gentle heart
To one, who's true
To love and you.

LA TO AB.

I.

LOVE you! Oh fie!
Think you that I
Would love a man?
I never can.
Begone, I won't,
Depend upon't.

II.

And yet, if you'd
Be kind and good;
And sigh for none
But only one;
To such a he
I would be she.

E

THE

THE
COMPARATIVE FELICITY
OF THE
FEATHERED RACE.

AH, happy birds!* whose fleeting hours
In mirth and ease are spent;
Who pleased enjoy your little powers,
And are with them content.

Whatever moves your gentle souls
Sure instinct is your guide.
No moral sense your wish controls,
No passion draws aside.

Thoughtless

* This piece was composed upon seeing a Robin-red-breast skipping and singing before my window, when I was in a very disconsolate state of mind, on account of a recent and very distressing event.

Thoughtless you skip from spray to spray ;
 Kind Heaven your food supplies.
 To rocks or woods you wing your way
 When darkness shrouds the skies.

When genial warmth each breast inspires,
 Blest warblers of the grove !
 You straight indulge the harmless fires,
 Straight all is song and love.

No* selfish cares your hearts perplex,
 No† pangs for others woe ;
 No forms of art your moments vex,
 No‡ ways polite you know :

Each

* No cares beyond those which respect self-preservation.

† No acute and lasting sorrows ; such as man in the present state of refined manners is frequently a slave to.

‡ —————Meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile and smile and be a villain :

At least, I'm sure, it may be so in Denmark.—HAMLET.
 Aye, and in England too. For a proof of this we appeal to the maxims of politeness to be found in the meretricious volumes of the late Earl of Chesterfield.

Each lives, and Nature's voice obeys;
 Each lives a life of joy.*
 Oh! that poor I my pensive days
 Thus gayly could employ.

* Not of absolute joy; but comparatively so with regard to man.



REASONS

R E A S O N S *

FOR AND AGAINST

P R A Y I N G for R A I N.

A Reverend Priest, not far from hence,
 Impelled by piety and sense,
 Presumed it meet, the other day,
 For now much-wanted rain to pray.

Hold,

* A worthy clergyman, a friend of mine, thought proper to pray for rain, in a village, where there was a large boarding school of young ladies. One or more of these, soon after the service was finished, took an opportunity of hinting to the clerk of the parish "that Mr. ——— should not pray for rain; for that it would spoil their walking." The clerk, who was well acquainted with the good temper of his superior, told him the request of the young ladies, before he began the service on the next sabbath day. The circumstance was by the clergyman related to me.

Hold, quoth the clerk. Good Sir, give o'er,
And pray for useless rain no more.

Not pray for rain ! First tell me, why
I should with your request comply ?

The ladies can't so sweetly walk,
Can't frisk about and laugh and talk
With so much pleasure, mirth and ease ;
And all must with the fair to please.

To please the fair, each well-bred man
Will always do whate'er he can.
Their worth and excellence I know ;
From them our choicest blessings flow.
To crown our comforts they were given,
The last, best gift of gracious heaven :
And what alone can sweeten life,
Is a good-tempered faithful wife.
But if they'll only lend an ear
Awhile, I'll make it fully clear,
That what I wish, if understood,
At once will please and do them good.

For first of all, allow they must,
That rain will always lay the dust :

And

And filthy dust is known full well
To incommode a well dressed belle.
The rays of Sol, so hot and bright,
Will change to brown the purest white.
The lilies heaved with every figh,
By heat o'erpowered, will droop and die.

Befides, the tender fair can feel,
And hold at heart the public weal.
Now rain the husbandman would cheer,
And make him hope a plenteous year ;
Would cause the grafs and corn to spring,
And every vale to laugh and sing.
The birds would swell their little throats,
And warble forth more sprightly notes :
The harmless lambs would skip and play,
And sportive greet the welcome day :
Each lofty tree, each plant, each flower
Would hail the soft refreshing shower :
All Nature a grand chorus raise,
And in one voice the giver praise.

THE
DIFFERENT BEHAVIOUR

OF

TWO CATS and a SPANIEL BITCH.

OLD Tom and Tib* expectant sit
And watch my moving hand.
I've scarcely swallowed one small bit,
When craving, lo! they stand.

They pur, they mew, they whisk their tails,
And eye the precious meat.
Such meaning language soon prevails—
They catch the wished-for treat.

Fed

* Two favourite Cats.

Fed once and twice, they grow more free,
And feel a little bolder.
One nimbly skips upon my knee,
The other on my shoulder.

My patience now exhausted quite,
I give them each a rap.
"Intruding brutes—out of my fight—"
"I won't—not one more scrap."

Meanwhile poor Donna* keeps her place,
But casts a wistful look.
Her temper, full of modest grace,
Such licence will not brook.

Bold Tom and Tib their ends obtain,
Tho' they my anger move.
Meek Donna's silent wants remain,
Whilst she has all my love.

These

* A Spaniel Bitch.

These cats and dog, what do they speak?
Some lesson we must draw;
Bold Tom and Tib and Donna meek
Else won't be worth a straw.

Hence learn* that thoughtless impudence
Assistance oft attains,
When unassuming real sense
Good wishes only gains.

* See Hume's Essay upon the different nature and effects of
impudence and modesty.



THE
MISERIES of HUMAN LIFE.

AH me ! what torments haunt the sons of men !
What pangs of anguish vex our earthly ball !

Where swarms of sorrows sharp, and wasting pain,
And death at last on our frail bodies fall.

Truth sung the bard*, that as light sparks of fire
Are always seen to mount thro' lucid air ;

So at what bliss foe'er we may aspire,
Our constant lot is misery and care.

The *infant*, puling in his mother's arms,
Laments in piteous cries the new-seen day.

The trembling *school-boy* feels ten thousand harms,
And sighs for night to sleep his cares away.

When

* The poetical author of the book of Job.

When the gay spirits move in sprightly dance,
And hope to *youth* holds forth the torch of joy ;
Stern disappointment breaks the pleasing trance,
And bids far other scenes his hours employ.

If to firm *manhood* on life's stream he's borne,
Full many a sorrow still awaits him there.

A much loved consort from his bosom torn,
His children dead, or base, demand a tear.

Meanwhile with all the various ills of life,
The body weakened hastens to decay.
Till death, now welcome, ends the wretched strife,
And makes, what once was man, a lump of clay.

And is there then in store no lenient balm
Those pains to soften which we cannot cure ?
No kind relief their piercing rage to calm,
And must we hopeless all their smart endure ?

See where Religion beams her cheering rays,
And beckons us weak mortals to the sky.
Hark ! how the heaven-born maid benignly says—
“ Ye helpless worms of dust shall never die.

“ The

"The durance ye lament shall shortly cease:
 "Attend to me, your faithful friend and guide;
 "I'll safe conduct you to yon realms of peace,
 "Where joy and love for ever shall abide."

THE

PECULIAR CHARACTER

OF THE

FAIR SEX.

WHEN that Almighty power above,
 Whose fairest attribute is love,
 Thought fit, his blessings to dilate,
 This earthly dwelling to create,

To

To each new being he assigned
A pleasure suited to its kind.
Hence objects similar don't suit
High reasoning man and sensual brute.
Hence vegetative tribes are known
To differ far from lifeless stone.
Since this on all hands is agreed,
We'll further in our tale proceed.

When God had once created all
That moves on this terrestrial ball,
To crown his good and gracious plan,
He formed that noble creature man :
And gave him o'er each earthly thing
To reign the universal king.
Lastly, to lend to man her aid,
That lovely creature Eve was made ;
To solace the fatigues of life,
Behold she now is Adam's wife.

She's Adam's wife—Blest Eve—'Tis well.
Proceed, and quick your story tell.

Why, Ma'am, such haste? you little know
What truths th' unbiassed Muse may shew.

By

By art unschooled, unawed by shame,
She'll now attempt your sex to blame.
With odious confidence she'll say,
That you have left the good old way.
No longer now to man a friend,
To be his rival you contend;
Blush not those rough exploits to claim,
Which ill befit your tender frame.

Now female Nimrods boldly dare
O'er hedge and ditch to chase the hare.
Brave martial Amazons now come
To meet the rouzing fife and drum.
Now cape o'er cape, the Jehu-dame
Affects the coachman's air and fame.
And some have said, the mannish fair
Unallegorick breeches wear.
You tragedies and fatires write,
With critick tooth male authors bite.
In every ruder art you try
Our skill, our prowess to outvie.

And pray, sweet Sir, what should we do?
Naught, I suppose, but spin and sew.

I'd have you,* Ma'am, employ your hours
 In duties suited to your powers.
 To you by nature is assigned
 A body fair, a gentle mind.
 'Tis yours our beings to improve
 By soothing offices of love.
 Your graces, cast in softer mould,
 Should not be forward, bright or bold.
 Let hardier man be brave and great:
 Your only province is retreat.
 Believe me, when you once presume
 To strut abroad in borrowed plume,
 Your efforts vain us men surprize,
 Whilst women fear you and despise.

* Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
 A woman's noblest station is retreat.
 Her fairest virtues fly from publick sight;
 Domestick worth still shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man ambition's task resign;
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 To dare the rage of envy and be great.
 One only care your gentle breasts should move,
 Th' important business of your life is love:
 To this great point direct your constant aim;
 This makes your business and this your fame.

Advice to BELINDA, by LORD LYTTLETON.

HOPE DEFERRED.

FOND* hope deferred makes sick the panting heart:
It much impairs the endearment, lowers the price
Of that sweet object we've long wished in vain.
That which new delighted, charmed the sense,
Raptured the soul, and kindled mad desire,
Foregoes its wonted strength, grows flat and dull,
When expectation long hath palled the mind.
Joy must be sudden, or 'tis joy no more.
Both *what*, and *when* we wish, their powers must join
To form the genuine draught of true delight.
There is a fine emotion of the soul,
An edge acute, worn off by touch of time :
A warm enthusiasm, which, by near approach
Of bliss that's probable, will flame awhile ;
But if well-founded hope it's aid withdraw,
The drooping fervour languishes and dies.

* Proverbs xiii. 6.

On DEATH.

THINK, mortal, think, what 'tis to die :
When from the body's warm embrace
Light souls emerging upwards fly,
And meet their Maker face to face.

Each soft delight that charmed the sense,
Each favourite scheme that filled the mind,
To thee no more shall joy dispense;
All, all must now be left behind.

Thy tender babes, thy gentle wife,
Thy house where all thy pleasures grew,
Thy friend whose converse sweetened life;
To these thou now must bid adieu.

Thy riches now will naught avail,
Nor wisdom's self thy life to save.
Beauty's engaging power will fail
To hold thee, fair one, from the grave.

But,

But, oh ! what thoughts will move thy heart !

What inward throes thy soul employ !

Anxious to know thy destined part,

Thy future scenes of pain or joy !

Learn then while lasts thy vital breath

To own Religion's sacred power.

She, she alone can weaken death,

And stingsless leave the fatal hour.

Thy works of piety and love,

Performed on earth, shall sure ascend

To those blest mansions placed above,

Where every pain and sorrow end.

There shalt thou live, redeemed from dust,

From sin and death now far away :

There walk with angels and the just

In realms of everlasting day.



THE
COMMON PREJUDICE

OF
Being attached to some one particular Place

IN PREFERENCE
TO ALL OTHERS.

YOU say that some peculiar grace
Inhabits this and t'other place ;
That here all nature's arts conspire
To charm the heart and move desire.

Here might I pass my future hours,
I'd not regret lost Eden's bowers.
The men are smart and debonair,
The women lively, gay, and fair,

The

The houses elegant and neat,
And more commodious is the street.
But, oh, the walks ! sweet walks ! Whene'er
My grateful breast shall cease to bear
Of you a fond, a feeling sense,
Each favourite with be banished thence ;
Each long-loved joy, a smiling train,
Give place to th' family of pain ;
And sad regret and pale despair
Lead on each heart-corroding care.

Thus sung the nymph. But how comes this ?
From place alone arises bliss ?
Does pleasure in these fields abound,
In those no joys can e'er be found ?
Can earthly comforts thus be given
To favoured few by partial Heaven ?
Ah, no. For God is God of all ;
On all alike his blessings fall.
And here or there, think what you will,
Man is or may be happy still :
As happy as meer man can be,
Man knows not pure felicity.

View* frozen winter's hoary plains,
 Or parched summer's dry domains ;
 See floods of ice and hills of snow !
 Midst these can soothing comforts grow ?
 Where Sol directs a fervid ray,
 Can pleasure cheer the tedious day ?
 Yes, trust me, here, the blameless mind,
 To God and generous deeds inclined,
 Knows heart-felt joys unhurt by time,
 Which brave the rigours of each clime.
 Hence spirits bland are wont to spring ;
 Hence bleakest regions laugh and sing ;
 And hence, in heat's meridian blaze,
 Are pleasant nights and cheerful days.

All

* But where to find that happiest spot below ?
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest lot his own ;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease.
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine :
 Basks in the gale, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam ;
 His first, best country ever is at home.

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

All this is fine, I grant, and true ;
And known to me as well as you.
By nature taught each hind can tell
That with good deeds true pleasures dwell ;
That vice each heaven-born joy can kill—
My panting heart will not be still.

What moves the heart ? Can that be place ?
Haply some person's in the case.
A willing captive you might prove
The pleasing chains of hopeful love.
Thus might your gayly tempered mind
From every place some pleasure find ;
From each new scene cull fresh delight,
And think each object fair and bright.

You ne'er felt Cupid's raging dart ?
Soft friendship might engage your heart.
The known pursuits you most admire
Might still less feebly prompt desire :
By these the spirits held in play,
The moments sweetly glide away.

And now, methinks, you'll freely own,
That joys don't spring from place alone ;

That

That *tenderness* must ever please,
And fill the soul with health and ease.

When charities* impel the soul,
To blissful shores the passions roll.

Whate'er

* The consciousness of being beloved softens our chagrins, and enables the greater part of mankind to support the misery of existence. The affections must be exercised on something; for not to love is to be miserable. "Were I in a desert," says Sterne, "I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they rejoiced I would rejoice with them." But a short story will illustrate this reasoning better than the most beautiful reflections.

A respectable character, after having long figured in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of sincere and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support; and yet at length he demanded more. On this the Curate sent for him. He went. "Do you live alone?" said the Curate. "With whom, Sir," answered

Whate'er can bless our mortal span,
Is love of God and love of man.

answered the unfortunate man, "is it possible I should live? I am wretched. You see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But, Sir," continued the Curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed, that he had a dog. The Curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. "Ah, Sir!" exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I lose my dog, who is there then to *love me*?" The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "Take *this*, Sir," said he: "this is *mine*: this I *can* give you."

UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.



REFLECTIONS

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN MANNERS SUTTON,

ELDEST SON OF

JOHN MANNERS SUTTON, ESQ.

Member of Parliament for Newark, in the County of Nottingham.

Who departed this Life.

On JUNE the 23d, 1793;

AT THE EARLY AGE OF FOURTEEN YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

HE's dead—I heard the doleful knell—yes, Sutton's
dead—

The beauteous lovely boy now smiles no more.
To yon bright realms his blameless soul is fled,
Where Angels love and spirits just adore.

He's dead—and with him died each liberal grace.
I knew him well—a good, a generous youth.
Sweet innocence illumed his comely face,
And in his breast dwelt gentleness and truth.

Even

Even now with ancient Greek and Roman lore
Full many a youthful hour he oft beguiled.
O'er page of modern growth full oft would pore,
"In wit a man, simplicity a child."

These blooming hopes cheered his delighted friends ;
His future worth, his greatness they descried.
How oft each mortal bliss in torment ends !
Deceitful bliss ! He drooped—he bowed—he died.

They weep—ye mourners, your sad wailings cease :
From sin now free, from sorrow he's secure.
No pangs of dire remorse shall blast his peace,
Keen disappointment ne'er shall he endure.

Nor seek his early virtues to record,
His pleasing manners deeply to pourtray.
When great Jehovah gives the sacred word,
Youth, beauty, wit the high behest obey.

Yes—let his virtues in your bosom live ;
Then shall ye meet him in that blest abode,
Where earth-born passions now no longer grieve,
Where all is endless peace, and love, and GOD.

CAUSES

CAUSES OF INFELICITY

IN THE

MARRIED STATE.

IN days of yore, as pagans write,
Jove used his fellow Gods to cite,
To help him in his kingly cares,
And lend a voice in great affairs.
To give our rhymes some weight and state,
Suppose that he does this of late,
And issues forth his awful summons
To all his trusty lords and commons.
The council called, the Gods appear,
And lend to Jove a listening ear.

Ye great compeers, ye powers divine,
Who here with me in splendour shine,
I crave your speedy best advice,
To help me in a point that's nice.

We

We all with great concern observe
How men from true affection swerve.
If e'er a mortal takes a wife
To make him happy all his life,
Not one in twenty scarce you'll find,
Who half so long is true and kind ;
Whilst some are of their bargain tired,
Before the honey-moon's expired.
Hence men of deeper sense and skill
Reject the bitter nauseous pill.
Content themselves alone to please,
They rest in indolence and ease.
The cause, I pray you, now explain,
Why few thus brook the marriage-chain.
On man or woman lies the shame?
Or shall we say they're both to blame?

Thus spoke the God : when Mercury rose
The latent reason to disclose.

Methinks I clear as day-light see
Whence springs this strange inconstancy.
The women I've observed of late
Made up of vanity and prate.

To

To ways* polite they quick advance :
 First learn to dress and then to dance,
 To chatter broken French by rote,
 Tunes to skim o'er, nor know a note.
 Their shamefaced† manners to improve,
 From place to place they boldly rove ;
 And when gay pleasure ends the day,
 The midnight hour is spent in play.‡

No

-
- * " But oh, what pity 'tis to find
 - " Such beauties both of form and mind
 - " By modern breeding much defaced,
 - " In half the female world at least.
 - " Mothers and guardian aunts forbear
 - " Your impious pains to form the fair ;
 - " Nor lay out so much cost and art
 - " But to deflower the virgin heart."

" THE SPLEEN," in *Dodsley's Collection*.

† " Nature has made you to blush when you are guilty of no
 " fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so."

Dr. Gregory to his Daughters.

‡ " I cannot but suspect, Sir, that this odious fashion of
 " playing at cards is produced by a conspiracy of the old, the
 " ugly, and the ignorant, against the young, the beautiful, and
 " the witty ; in order to take from those who could outshine
 " them all the advantages of mind and body, to withhold
 " youth from its natural pleasures, to deprive beauty of its
 " charms, and to fix those hearts upon money to which love
 " has hitherto been entitled, &c."——*The RAMBLER.*

No housewife* arts—no solid sense—
To these they would not make pretence,
But leave them to dull vulgar tools,
Who eat, and drink, and sleep by rules.
Hence all the petty broils and strife,
Hence all the jars of wedded life.

Ask you—What new device employed
This sad mishap we may avoid?
Remove the cause, and soon will end
Effects which on that cause depend.
First let it be our earnest care,
To make the women good as fair.
Then the now peevish, faithless men
Will be kind husbands once again.
Then will they strive the fair to gain,
And wear with joy the marriage-chain.

And

* "The domestic economy of a family is entirely a woman's province, and furnishes a variety of subjects for the exertion of good sense and good taste."—Dr. GREGORY.

And that what here I now advance
May not be blindly left to chance,
Let every God his efforts join
To form a female all divine.
When formed, the hearts of men to try,
We'll send the Phenix from the sky.
Then, if what I've alledged be true,
These strange effects will straight ensue.
Each will, who knows her, hard contend
To be her favourite and her friend.
To shield her from the ills of life,
Each man will wish the maid his wife.

Thus Mercury: when the thunderer's nod
Approves the reasoning of the God.

No time is lost, no pains are spared.
A finely tempered clay's prepared.
The Graces lend their nicest aid,
To mould the captivating maid.
To give the lovely form to move,
The breath of life proceeds from Jove.

Venus

Venus bestows her winning airs,
Sweet smiling glances, modest fears,
With all that constitutes above
The soft artillery of love.
Apollo fails not to dispense
The potent charms of eloquence;
Makes every word and thought agree,
And tunes her soul to harmony.
Pallas is willing to impart
The hidden virtues of the heart;
Meek wisdom, modesty refined,
The sweetness of the gentle mind:
And adds those arts fine ladies scorn,
Which most the female breast adorn.
Thus formed, the maid to earth is given,
The finished master-piece of heaven.

And now even in her tender years
All fair and good the child appears;
'Till by degrees, as genial hours
Call into day the fragrant flowers,
So in full bloom the graces rise,
The choicest graces of the skies.

The Gods are on their work intent,
And wait expecting the event.

Ah me! It grieves me to relate
This heaven-born virgin's hapless fate;
Who, tho' with every virtue blest,
That e'er adorned fair woman's breast,
Is not a "happy captive" led,
To grace the pleasing marriage-bed;
But yet an unwooed maiden lives,
Unknown the joys that wedlock gives.

This well observed, Jove in a rage
Thus sneering taunts the winged page.

Well, Sir! The scheme profound succeeds!
Your wisdom now appears by deeds!
The men are in a mighty pother,
To make this perfect maid a mother.

Mercury, the thunderer to appease,
First lowly bowed. Then—If you please,
Great Jove my pleading to attend,
My errors past I'll now amend.

The

The maid, 'tis true, our present care,
Is good and gentle as she's fair.
But one grand thing we all forgot ;
Plutus gave nothing to her lot.
And men, I find, from high to low,
To riches, baneful riches, bow.
A wealthy maid full soon is wed,
Tho' hell possess her heart and head :
Tho' she be ugliness itself,
She moves a Venus from her pelf.

This said, the thunderer paused a while,
Then thus addressed him with a smile.

In truth thou art a cunning wight,
And fully now hast brought to light
The cause why mortals disagree,
And live in strife and enmity.
The women shine all *pert and vain* :
The men are sordid *slaves to gain*.
Thus led by levity and care,
Those gentle joys they ne'er can share,

Which "marriage,* rightly understood,
"Gives to the tender and the good."

But hear, ye Gods, my firm decree,
The edict of dread majesty.

Whene'er a good ingenuous youth,
By honour swayed and open truth,
Of gentle manners, simple taste,
Who sees the worth with which she's graced,
Shall breathe in heart-felt words his flame
To this late-formed celestial dame;
If she his wishes fair shall bless,
His days shall thence be happiness.
Each sweet delight he thence shall know,
That we on mortals e'er bestow.

For goodness only ought to prove
The object of esteem and love.

* See a Poem called "*The Fire Side*"—in Doddsley's Collection.

A SONG.

To the Tune of—*The Banks of Envermay.*

WHY, sweet Louisa, dost thou chide,
And say that I despise the fair ;
That I their virtues frail deride,
And think their charms not worth a care ?
Should those soft blooming lips of thine
Again the unpleasing charge renew,
I'll surely press them hard with mine,
And so evince thy words untrue.

Sweet woman cheers man's drooping heart,
And makes him boldly cares endure,
She can both joy and peace impart,
And soothe those pangs she cannot cure.

The foldier wades thro' fields of blood,
Then kneels submissive at her feet.
The failor braves the boisterous flood,
In hopes his fair one's charms to meet.

View frozen winter's hoary plains,
Where all is ice and gleamy snow ;
View sultry summer's dry domains,
Where unremitted fervours glow ;
'Midst ills like these can joys arise ?
Can man be happy and serene ?
Well-pleased he scorns the inclement skies,
If lovely woman gilds the scene.

Oh, couldst thou but survey my mind,
The thoughts that my fond heart controul ;
Then wouldst thou, sweet Louisa, find,
That love of woman sways my soul.
By woman's aid we life can bear :
Remove the blifs the charmers give ;
By all that's good and fair I swear,
I would no longer deign to live.

ON THE GATES OF

*The FIELD,**Consecrated by Religion to the Memory of the Dead,*

THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION SHALL BE READ—

“DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP.”

Nevers, the 19th Day of the first Month of the 3d Year of the Republic.

(SIGNED)

“TOUCHE.”

St. James's Chronicle, Oct. 26, 1793.

AND is then death one long eternal sleep?
 Does not the soul her wakeful vigils keep?
 When we go hence, are we no longer seen?
 And do we cease, as tho' we'd never been?
 Is towering mind a dull inactive clod,
 Fair transcript of th' all-seeing perfect God?

Do spirits die, which, rapt in airy trance,
 From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven can glance?
 Which body forth the forms of things unknown,
 And wing their way through regions all their own?
 Which into hours beyond the flood can pry,
 And to time's utmost verge transmit their eye?
 When this fleet anxious scene of life is o'er,
 Does mind, the life of all, exist no more?

Plato and Tully learnt from Reason's mine,
 That man's immortal, and his soul divine;
 That intellect's a bright celestial ray
 Shot from the Sun of everlasting day;
 That when man quits this checquered scene on earth,
 He falls* to rise, he knows a second birth;

Enlarged

* *Ita enim censebat Socrates, itaque differuit: "Duas esse vias, duplicesque cursus animorum e corpore excedentium: "nam qui se humanis vitiis contaminassent, et se totos libidinibus deditissent, quibus cæcati, vel in domesticis vitiis atque flagitiis se inquinassent, vel in republicâ violandâ fraudes inexpliabilis concepissent; iis devium quoddam iter esse, seclusum a concilio Deorum. Qui autem se integros castosque servavissent, quibusque fuit minima cum corporibus contagio, seseque ab his semper servocassent, essentque in corporibus humanis vitam imitati Deorum; his ad illos, a quibus erant profecti, reditum facilem patere."*—Cicero Tusc. Disp. Lib. 1.

Enlarged from passion, misery, and sin,
The wise, the good then first to live begin,
Ascend on high to blest Elysian plains,
Where heroes dwell, and Jove triumphant reigns ;
The base, the vile receive their joyless doom
Where Demons howl thro' Hades' restless gloom.

Thus Heathens taught. But Christians, do I say,
Have cast this Godlike privilege away :
This pearl of price sublime they value not,
Content with fellow-brutes to die and rot.
And worldly-wise, they think and reason well ;
For heaven unfit, they thus escape from hell.

Can leprous Marat's fell discordant ghost
E'er join in love divine the Angelic host ?
Can Robespierre's blood-stained spirit e'er ascend
Where Hallelujahs heaven's high mansions rend ?
Can impious Dupont e'er admittance gain
Where Power supreme upholds its awful reign ?
Will God repeal his adamantine laws
That men like these may shun perdition's jaws ?
Because they murder, rob, blaspheme and rail,
Will his dread sentence on their doings fail ?

Can

Can they defy his dire avenging rod,
“ Rejudge his justice, be the God of God ?”
Then shall yon blue ethereal mantle fall,
And soar aloft this massy ponderous ball.

Frail mortals hear—accord each Adam’s son—
In heaven—on earth—GREAT GOD—thy will be done.



Doctors PRIESTLEY and PRICE.

SAYS Priestley to Price—What a fury's this Burke!
Why he bow-strings us all, like a death-doing Turk!
A torrent o'erwhelming, a wide-wasting flood,
He sweeps us all headlong like mere sticks of wood.
No flame-breathing dragon e'er coiled at this rate,
As he for Dame Church and her sister the State.
To Mitres and Crowns so resistless a friend,
That what we can say won't be worth a rope's end.
So firmly he builds up the peace of mankind,
That the structure who does not admire must be
blind.

Perdition to structures, say I, brother Priest,
Whose newly gained force 'twill be vain to resist.
You and I, like lame ducks, may now, squat in our
nest,
Sing—"Adieu to Old Jewry and the fall of the Test."
You

You may prate about *air* and I about *lives*,
Or with "chink*" shrill and loud stun our children
and wives.

* "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate *chink*, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour."—*Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France*; 3d Edition, page 126 and 7.



On

On **P R I D E.**

WHERE did the source of every ill begin?
What could induce presumptuous man to sin?
Man now disdains to stoop beneath the rod;
Rebellious man now scorns the laws of God.
Careless the widows plainings he defies,
And hears unmoved the helpless orphans cries.
Sensual excess to earth chains down his soul;
Passions commands can reasons hints control.
Whence this defect? How spread so far and wide?
The fertile source of this great ill is pride.

Pride could hurl angels from the realms of joy;
Pride could the bliss of paradise destroy.
Pride could impel the heaven-rejected Cain
In brother's blood his vengeful hands to stain.
From self-willed pride the numerous ills arise,
Which now in bold luxuriance brave the skies.

And

And by his will whose hand this orb sustains,
No lasting peace to haughty souls remains.

'Tis God's express command—"Frail man, obey:
"Let fear of me thy thoughts and actions sway.
"Whoe'er submits not to this high behest,
"Shall ne'er enjoy or happiness or rest."

Poor guilty minds of sinful mortals lour;
Reflection's pangs life's sweetest comforts sour.
Spirits once lively droop; all's hell within,
A chaos dark of misery and sin.
Gentle enjoyments lose the power to please;
Delight can only dwell in hearts at ease.

Where that fine form once so robust and strong?
The ghostly shape scarce drags it's length along.
To listless bowers soft indolence decoyed;
Headlong excess the manly frame destroyed.
Firm limbs unnerved refuse their wonted aid:
With lasting pain is transient joy repaid.

See, gay Lorenzo, once a splendid heir,
A slave to penury and wild despair:

An .

An airy, thoughtless, modish, gaming fool,
Of knavish sharpers self-devoted tool.
Reviews of treasures lost augment his pain;
Pensive he sighs, but sighs, alas! are vain.
No longer lives a noble sense of shame,
No longer moves desire of well-earned fame.
Estranged from all that generous natures prize,
He lives unloved and unlamented dies.

What pity 'tis, that Chloe, lovely maid,
Should still exist, her debt of love unpaid.
One whose fair form a hermit might inspire,
And even in aged limbs excite desire.
A coach and equipage her heart employs;
A coach must bear the nymph to Hymen's joys.

In yonder mansion, built in days of yore,
Eugenio lived esteemed by rich and poor.
Plenty sustained his dignity and state;
Plenty relieved the beggar at his gate.
But now how changed! His fame and fortune fled;
In foreign climes he hides his worthless head.
His babes, an innocent and helpless race,
In want, can but lament their sire's disgrace.

What

What ruins kingdoms? Why do nations fall
In swift succession o'er this earthly ball?
'Tis pride alone that every ill can bring,
Unless a peasant or dethrone a king.

No calm contentment can the proud man know:
He always finds or thinks he finds a foe.
Puffed up with self, he can't a rival bear,
Nor thinks he's happy till there's none to fear.
Suspicion, envy tear his anxious breast;
Mean, selfish cares dispel his wonted rest.

Ah, wretched man! a captive thus to live
To that which naught but misery can give.
Indulge thy vain and restless pride no more;
Submit to be a man, and God adore.
On prostrate knees address the gracious throne;
In lowly strains be all thy wants made known.
Let grateful resignation calm thy will;
Say to thy raging passions—"Peace, be still."
Whate'er thy destined lot, where'er thou art.
Accede with grace, and bravely act thy part.

Thankless

Thankless repinings change what's bad to worse :
Mad discontent calls down heaven's choicest curse.
Think well and generously of all mankind ;
The meanest body holds a heaven-born mind.
The vilest man thy equal is, the poor,
Tho' scanty bits he crave from door to door.
Be candid then, thy narrow heart expand ;
Relieve his wants with kind and bounteous hand.
Far from the filthy rocks of pleasure steer :
The light ethereal in thy breast revere.
Time lost in vice with studious care redeem :
Acquire, what worlds can't buy, thy own esteem.

Hail, sweet humility ! Thou good divine !
Our nature thou canst soften and refine ;
Teach us that excellence which once we knew,
The godlike image in our souls renew.
Each *self-born* ill by thee is taught to cease ;
Thy ways* are pleasantness, thy paths are peace.

Hail,

* "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."
JOHN xiii. 17.

Hail, meek-eyed acquiescence ! foe to strife !
Thy balm can heal the *natural* ills of life.
Thou spreadst a ray bright, gentle and serene ;
Thou canst with comfort gild this checquered scene.
By* thee sublimed a wretch man cannot be ;
No woes can long perplex when soothed by thee.

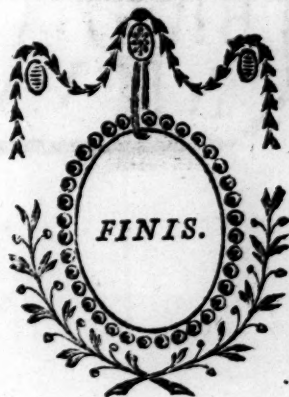
* “ The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed
be the name of the Lord.” — JOB I. 21.



ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

VIRGIL.

WHEN cold with age our younger fires we view,
Each heart-felt joy and sorrow then we knew;
Recall each favourite wish, each fond design
To which the tender mind did then incline;
If hot-brained passion never caused to stray
Where smiling vice to sorrow leads the way:
If to do good has been our constant aim;
If love for self and others still the same:
The soul well-pleased rejoices at the sight,
Reviews her fallies past with ever new delight.



ERRATA.

Page 21.—For *strait*, read *straight*.

28.—For *smoaky*, read *smoky*.

86.—For *controul*, read *control*.



3101

